OCKING CHAIR FLEET.

Being Truthful Tales of a Famous Band of Sailors Connected with the Larchmont Yacht Club.

"Did you ever see such a lubberly piece of handling in your life?"

"I should say not. Why, look at the son of a sea cook! He's taking in his staysail before his jib."

"Yes, and he's clewed his topsail up instead of down."

"I'd like to bet a dollar that he's got fin shackles on his cable stoppers."

"And loblolliboys in the starboard housings of his catspaw."

"He's a farmer, that's what he is, a farmer!"

For a few seconds after this appalling accusation there was silence for that space of time in which a man might have drunk a cocktail. Then the new member looked up and said solemnly:

"Gentlemen, the performance out yonder of that person in bringing his yacht to anchor reminds me of the fatal mistake of Admiral Bluenose, commanding the China Station in 1849. It was off Firecracker Point, gentlemen, that he undertook to bring the frigate Methusaleh to anchor in an offshore gale of wind with his leeboards down, the catharpins in brails, the buntjiggers all in stops and the weather backstays keelhauled. The result was, gentlemen, that he carried away his starboard-foretopmast-stu'nsail-boom-tricing line-upper block-strap-thimble-seizing, and lost his ship so completely that to this day not even her name can be found in the Naval Register."

A great, flat calm, like the doldrums in August, fell upon the assembly, and it remained until the janitor reached over and pushed the button, when a steward appeared and said in measured official tones:

"Wot'llye'ave?"

Then the lookout proclaimed breakers on the lee bow and the sound of rickeys breaking on the inner bar was heard.

It was a formal cruise of the Rocking Chair Fleet of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and all the gallant craft were slowly rocking under the swells on the outer veranda, just off Station No. 1. He that knows not the Rocking Chair Fleet is ignorant of the deep and liquid joys of 'longshore yachting. It was about three years ago that the Rocking Chair Fleet acquired formal recognition in the club, but its existence dates back in the night of time when the clubhouse was new and the rockers had just been launched.

There were many bold sailors in the club and some of them found it a great happiness to sit on the veranda and watch the manoeuvres of the misguided amateurs who thought they knew how to sail their own boats. The inhabitants of the rockers saw them afar off and began to make light of their doings. As years rolled on the Rocking Chair Fleet grew, and at length it was formally organized by the election of Admiral Gilbert as flag officer and Pooh-Bah W. S. Alley as fleet captain. Then it waxed great and became a power in the land, and its anchorage became the resort of all those who do not go down to the sea in ships, yet who sometimes have three sheets in the wind and again are half seas over. And they sit upon the veranda and "roast" all the amateurs who anchor or get under way over veteran yatchsmen who had for many moons been rocked in the cradle of the deep. But when it was learned that he was the owner of the gallant steam launch Blitz it was open to debate whether he should be expelled or not. He, however, took all hands on a cruise from the clubhouse float to Flagler's Point, and after that he was a hero. When he sold the Blitz the gallant flagship Flub-Dub went into mourning. She flew her flag at half-mast and wore a black and white rosette with a streamer of crape on her front door. It is suspected that H. M. Gillig, the commodore of the yacht club, put up this emblem of grief out of pure jealousy of the growing power of the Rocking Chair Fleet.

The flagship Flub-Dub is a noble institution. She is a genuine line-of-battle ship, and, like Admiral Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., she never goes to sea. She flies a yellow flag bearing a sea serpent rampant as its device. In the early morn, after the crews of the rocking chairs have sat up late at night watching for breakers ahead, the leap from her deck into the cooling waters makes all the world beautiful.

When on their favorite cruising ground the members of the Rocking Chair Fleet usually anchor off Station No. 1, which is near the west end of the veranda and in dangerous proximity to the inner bar, where the waters are not deep, but are very strong, and where there is always a head tide. The admiral's signal halyards, beautifully provided with an electric button, are close at hand, and signals are set flying by a simple pressure of the thumb. The climate is uniformly wet, but all the members of the crew wear oilskins inside.

Fleet Captain Pooh Bah Alley is a past master of the art of getting out general orders, and his orders are always obeyed; for he was once a desperate cowboy and conveyed $90,000 safely across the Great Desert in the face of fearful odds. The janitor says he is fearful odd himself. Here is the latest general order, issued in the course of the recent race week:

ROCKING-CHAIR FLEET—GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

Yip! Yip!!! The Admiral announces an opposition show. Race week isn't in it. The Jaggermast hands are hereby ordered to assemble at the anchorage at 1 o'clock—daytime—Tuesday, Ladies' Day, in the usual irregular order, and be prepared to cavort to any tune our especially engaged band may play. On this occasion the fair skippers have an absolute cinch. Pedem duis sunous in illis.

POOH BAH, Fleet Captain.

In the wake of the bar is the cabin of the admiral of the fleet. It is a small compartment, lighted by a large transom port and comfortably furnished with divans. It is soon to have a gorgeous chandelier made of the shell of a sixteen-pound lobster, from which will glow electric lights of various colors, so that when members of the fleet visit the cabin they will feel quite at home. In the cabin are posted the rules and regulations, which read thus:

RULES AND REGULATIONS:

1. Salutes.—Upon arriving at or leaving the station the proprietor should receive the usual salute. All salutes will be returned C. O. D. upon application to the officer in charge of the station.

2. Tips to the janitor are barred, except on ladies' days.

3. When at anchor the rocker nearest the button has the right of way, except in case an overlap has been properly established, in which case the latest arrival shall have the call. In event of a collision all rules are suspended at the discretion of the Admiral.

POOH-BAH.

The janitor, so frequently referred to, is no less august a person than Augustin Monroe, chairman of the House Committee. Although he has been known to go to sea—at any rate, he went overboard on the last ladies' day—he is rated as a member of the Rocking Chair Fleet in good standing—or sitting—and sometimes joins in the formal process of seeing the sun over the foreyard or making the longitude. Even Commodore Gillig sometimes makes a short cruise with the Rocking Chair Fleet, but, as a rule, he is unable to bear the strain of being outranked by a real live Admiral of the Fleet. It is also hinted that he is jealous of the Admiral's loving cup. He himself received from the members of the club a big silver punch bowl; but it was speedily put in the shade on opening day this year, when Admiral Gilbert was presented with a superbly fat, wicker-covered demijohn, ornamented with hand-painted water snakes, equatorial lizards and sea unicorns. The Admiral is almost as proud of this tribute to his greatness as he is of his flag—a blue field, bearing the three stars of his rank and a rocking chair flamboyant.

The Jaggermast hands, as the crews of the Rocking Chair Fleet are called, are a gallant set of tarry-eyebrowed sea dogs. Most of them are also members of the noted Kickers' Society. Among them are "Ollie" Adams, "Jim" Going, "Stan" Greacen, "Good Bill" Jenkins, "Billy" Murray, "Duke" Tilden, Dr. Roberts, ex-Commodore Lowrey, "Steve" Rich, "Harry" Harper, Augustus Thomas (the "Billy Bryan of New Rochelle"), "Terra Cotta Bill" Hall, "Ed" Unit (the brother of Zero), and "Handsome Bert" Seeley.

Many of the fellows who think themselves sailors and pretend to handle boats in races have vainly tried to gain admission to the charmed circle of the Rocking Chair Fleet. Al. Cammacho tried it, but was rejected on the ground that he was no sailor at all; but since his recent glorious victories in the Raccoon there is talk of a reconsideration of his rejection, because he has displayed a skill unequalled by that of even the fleet captain.

"Dusty" Smith was anxious to be a member, and he went aboard of a rocking chair one day lately, just to show how well he could handle such a craft. But she turned turtle with him, capsizing him into the flower beds in front of the veranda, where he bloomed like a sea-anemone among the fish geraniums.

A number of those who have failed to secure admission to the Rocking Chair Fleet have organized themselves into a desperate set, known as the "East'ards and West'ards." These miserable creatures now content themselves with sitting afar off, down near the dining tables, and singing a song written by some poet in a fit. It limps thus:

Of the Rocking Chair Brigade
We have no fear;
We would gladly stand them
All upon their ear.
CHORUS.
Give us a drink!
We'll take it down
We're the East'ard, West'ard boys,
That fear no noise.

Any one who reads this "pome" will understand that the East'ards and West'ards tell the truth when they fear no noise. Indeed, some of them are members of that famous rival to the Social Orchestra, the Dauntless Band, of which the first rule is that no man shall know how to play upon any musical instrument, bass drums and bones excepted.

The Rocking Chair Fleet pursues its course undisturbed by all opposition, and bids fair to become the ruling element in the Larchmont Yacht Club. The so-called sailormen have laid out a lot of racing courses in the Sound, with intricate sailing directions, such as nor'nor'west, a quarter north, which it would puzzle a man-of-war's quartermaster to steer. But Admiral Gilbert, of the Rocking Chair Fleet, issued orders for a regatta in the Spring, and his course was simple—twice around the veranda, keeping the bar on the starboard hand.

In spite of all orders, however, the favorite course is from Station No. 1 fifteen feet dead to leeward to the inner bar, and a zigzag back again. In the Spring the Admiral got out an order which began thus:

"Ye able-livered landlubbers, ahoy, ahoy! The fleet will be informally trun into the wind on 5 o'clock on May 30 next."

But, in spite of the explicit directions laid down in the rest of the order, the fleet simply made a rendezvous off the station, and it has been anchored there ever since. There is always a breeze there, and frequently a heavy sea on, but no gale of wind has ever blown hard enough to part the ground tackle of any of the gallant craft of the fleet. To the hardy sailors of the squadron the sound of the breakers on the bar under their lee is as inspiring as the mess call to a naval militiaman or the voice of Al. Cammacho trying to hail a yacht a mile off without a megaphone.

Who Is She?

Occasionally there appears on the Boulevard a tandem cycle, the front seat of which is occupied by a masked woman. Over her mask she wears a veil, in order, doubtless, to render her identity more of a puzzle to the curious. Who is she?

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF RACING.

"Have you heard the news?" asked a sarcastic racing man at Brighton Beach the other day. "They're going to have an official register of form, to work automatically, alongside the number board in the infield. It'll be twenty-five feet high, and then bettors can see for themselves what to expect."

He was one of the many who have been asking themselves what owners and trainers had to expect if horses of all classes, the poorest as well as the best, are to be expected to run "bang-up to form," to use the vernacular, every time they sport silk. If crippled selling platers, the patched-up leavings of hard two-year-old careers; horses with doubtful legs of every variety, rattle-headed two-year-olds, or in-and-outers of the one hundred and one kinds that are kept in training, are to be looked upon as "stopped" every time they fail to show their best performances, then no man is safe. It would be better that no one should be allowed to own anything but a sound, consistent horse—that all other horses should be compulsorily turned out of training, were such a regulation imaginably possible—than that a suspicion of fraud should be cast upon an owner every time some bad horse from his stable runs inconsistently.

We have all laughed, some time or other, at the phrase, "the glorious uncertainty of racing," and yet herein lies the whole secret. A Loantaka or a Eurus may win the Suburban, a Castaway II. the Brooklyn Handicap, a C. H. Todd the American Derby, and no one—not even the most captious critic—stops except to marvel. It is the fortune of war, the reverses and upsets that we have to expect so long as racing continues. Now and again, of course, there is a whisper of suspicion about some classic event. There was more than a whisper about the Derby of 1883, even in conservative England, but, taken all in all, the great races of the world produce next to no suspicion, no matter what surprise the upshot may cause. Such upsets are looked upon as inevitable, as "part of the game." Without these happenings layers of odds would have to go out of business, for backers within a week or two, or month or two at most, would have all the floating capital which is wagered on or against horses' chances.

The usual argument of those who suspect fraud at every turn is, of course, that when purses are small, the owner is looking for the chance to make a larger sum by manipulation of his horse or that the jockey has sold out the owner's interests to some unscrupulous layer. Such suppositions may now and again be correct, unfortunately, in a very small percentage of cases they are sure to be so long as racing goes, for in no community can one expect to find 100 per cent of persons absolutely or even partially honest. But purses mean a very great deal to the average owner, and what he can get out of the layer without exposing himself to such entanglements, as will hamper his entire future career, no matter how things may come his way—a thing very few men care to expose themselves to—is but little larger.

Necessity is sometimes the mother of dishonesty, as well as of invention. There have been cases when the pressing inevitable need for a certain sum of money has led men to "cinch" its acquisition, but how many such instances can any man, however deep "in the know" he may be, mention from his own recollections? And a man must be desperate, indeed, to do such a thing, for the more necessity implies that he is dependent on his stable for a revenue, and he knows far better than any one else that in lending himself to such a scheme he is endangering his future connection with the turf.

As regards jockeys, we are not too well off in this country.

We have comparatively few who are real masters of their art and fewer still whose beginnings would warrant one in supposing that early education and training and heredity had combined to make them implicitly honest. But what can a jockey, unaided by the owner, do in these days, when, apart from official scrutiny, there are hundreds of men watching every race who are capable of suspecting, if not absolutely detecting, a "pull?" It would be refreshing to be able to get some of the men who are always talking about "pulled" horses under oath and make them out of their own memories and under cross-examination from a capable lawyer, versed in the intricacies of racing, tell when and where they had seen a horse actually "pulled" by his rider. If their answers did not embody the most weird and absurd conglomeration of fancy and mistake, then it would be any odds that the examining lawyer had himself gotten out of his depth.

There is more real danger from "rings" that may control a certain circuit of information and use that knowledge to the detriment of the great majority than there is in 10,000 supposed isolated cases of "stopping" horses. Officials who act hastily in subjecting men whose previous records should exempt them from suspicion of such "petty larceny" cannot in the majority of cases be blamed. They are goaded on by comments, spoken and written—principally, be it said, the former—which emanate from men swayed by the results of unfortunate speculation, personal prejudice and antipathy, and small motives of one kind and another. Any one who is conversant with racing affairs can tell pretty nearly what any particular backer, layer or writer will say about any race that is at all out of the ordinary in such deviations from exact form as must continue till the inventive genius comes along who will be able to convert a horse into a machine, and so forever stop all racing.

Certain questions arise—must arise—from the unavoidable facts in connection with the race horse as he now exists that have to be answered. How far is a man justified in running a horse in a race for work? Is it feasible, in other words, to positively debar an owner or trainer from doing this? Up to a certain point there can be but one answer, and that is "No." If the answer is "Yes," one will have to concede that a large proportion of horses three years old and upward will have to be thrown out of training. This leads up to another story—the roguishness engendered by excessive two-year-old training, but in this connection it need only be said that in process of time it will probably prove possible to limit this. As we are at present it would indeed be a wise and far-seeing official who could venture to say to any owner, "Your horse is not quite up to racing form, and you must not run him," and the official's answer would be still more difficult to imagine if the owner replied, as he probably would, "I've done the best I can with this horse. He will not do much for me in the morning. He never was a work horse, and if I cannot start him as he is now he will never be any use to me or any one else."

FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

HOBART'S TENNIS GOSSIP.

The invitation tournament of the Kenwood Country Club, of Chicago, revealed the fact that the West is developing a lot of good men who are able to make the Western champion, Carr B. Neel, exert himself considerably. As Neel was given the sixth place in our official rank list last year, while in the opinion of many he deserved an even higher standing, it appears that the standard of play in the West is approaching that in the East. The eight players in this round robin event finished in this order: C. B. Neel, S. R. Neel, W. Myers, G. L. Wrenn, Jr., W. Slocum, G. K. Belden, E. Wrenn and L. H. Waidner.

Carr Neel beat S. R. Neel, 9—7, 6—4; Myers, 6—3, 6—4; G. L. Wrenn, Jr., 6—3, 2—6, 7—5; Slocum, 3—6, 6—2, 10—8; Belden, 7—5, 6—1; E. Wrenn, 6—1, 2—6, 6—2; Waidner, 6—0, 6—3. These scores, particularly those with the Wrenns and Slocum, show that Neel is but little ahead of his confreres. In the challenge round of the Western championship tournament Neel's victory over George Wrenn was more easily gained, but the form the latter displayed in the tournament, which he won without losing a set, was about as good as Neel has ever shown.

The Neel brothers retained their Western doubles championship and will meet the Eastern doubles champions at Narragansett Pier. With Chace and Wrenn and Howland and Foote out of the running it looks like a victory for the West, and if the Neels are the challengers of Wrenn and Chace at Newport, I should not be surprised, unless Chace gets into better form meanwhile, to see a national championship go to the West for the first time in the history of the game.

Every person who is interested in tennis, and who has not done so, should subscribe to the Lawn Tennis Bulletin, the official organ of the National Lawn Tennis Association. The subscription, $1, may be sent to the editor, W. D. Orcutt, Cambridge, Mass., which will procure twenty issues of the paper. These may begin with the January or current issue, as the subscriber elects. The Bulletin contains complete scores of all tournaments, abundant foreign news and editorials and articles of general interest, and comes out weekly during the season proper, and monthly during the rest of the year.

The first of a series of discussions on matters of vital importance to the welfare of the game was published in the issue of July 16. The subject, "What Will Be the Effect of the Increasing Popularity of Golf Upon Lawn Tennis?" is thoroughly threshed out by Dr. James Dwight, J. S. Clark, F. H. Hovey, W. A. Larned, Richard Stevens and E. A. Wilkie. The consensus of opinion is that there is room for both games, as they do not appeal to the same classes, one being "eagerly competitive," the other "rather recreative and contemplative;" that tennis has taken its place among American outdoor games, while golf is still more or less of a fad.

CLARENCE HOBART.

The Famous "Rocking Chair Fleet."

Pointers for Wheelmen.

Let the croaker tell you all about the "no good" roads that he knows all about and then go you down over them and see for yourself how far from the mark he is. He is guessing partly, and partly figuring upon what he knew one, two or three years ago. He told the writer that the roads between South Amboy and Red Bank were positively unfit for anything less than a stone dray, but he didn't know what he was talking about, as a trial proved. If any man wants better travelling than there is between New York and Asbury Park, he should take his cycling in a carry-all or a railroad car.

No better sixteen-mile stretch of road can be found that that from Clifton to Tottenville, Staten Island. At the latter place dinner can be had at any of three good hostelries. Across the ferry to Perth Amboy puts the rider in the quandary of waiting for a train or "riding around" through New Brunswick to Matttwan. In either case—leisure alone forces a choice—the cyclist is well pleased, for at the latter station he finds himself on one of teh best roads he ever pedalled over. It leads through Old Bridge, Middletown, Keyport, Red Bank and Little Silver. Then the rider emerges upon the beach at Long Branch, striking it at North Broadway and Ocean avenue. At the same time a big batch of salt sea air hits him fairly in the chest and he realizes all at once that he is in a decidedly different atmosphere from that which he left in New York. The rest of the journey down the coast on this broad, gravel and sand boulevard simply baffles description. Go and try it.

The extent to which people are learning to ride the wheel at Summer resorts is hardly conceivable. At all the seashore places more wheels are being sold pro rata to the population than in any city hereabouts. Some explain it on the basis that many are induced to try that awful first whirl at a place where few are on hand to watch, and mayhap to ridicule the novice's efforts. Another logical explanation is that the enjoyment of those who already ride is so materially added to by their cycling ability that the incentive is natural emulation only.

How great a mistake are they making who imagine that cycle racing is the chief attraction in the sport. No such sport has ever been evolved as bicycling. It is as different from all other lines of pastimes as day is from night. Again, cycle racing has not the attending excitement of betting that horse racing has, and therefore suffers materially in interest. Take from the turf the element of betting and how long will racing continue to attract crowds at the tracks? Cycle racing has never elevated itself to the same plane, having been nipped in the bud by the jockeying and hippodroming, which has directly or indirectly attracted itself to the sport through loafing and other deterrent tactics of the racers.

YACHTSMEN'S BIG WEEK

The New York Yacht Club Starts on Its Annual Cruise To-Morrow, and Great Sport Is Looked For.

The principal aquatic as well as social event of the yachting season is the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which this year starts on its week of pleasure to-morrow. The appearance of the fleet at any stage of the cruise is a sight never to be forgotten. Whether it is at anchor or whether it is racing from port to port, the picture is beautiful. Although the scene by daylight is inspiring, it is insignificant compared to the picture at night. Every yacht in the fleet is illuminated, search lights are flashing hither and thither, coston signals and other fireworks light up the waters at intervals and the entire expanse is transformed into a fairyland.

The arrival of the yachts in the harbor of the quaint old town of Newport is the event of the year at that place, and is always celebrated with most gorgeous festivities. The streets of the city are fairly alive with white trousered yachtsmen, and the busy launches and tenders of the various yachts are darting here and there paying visits and completing arrangements for the famous Newport yachting week, each boat laden with a precious freight of handsomely gowned women and athletic men.

It is from this port that the famous races for the Goelet cups are sailed every year, and hosts of society's pets go out on the briny to witness the grand struggle for supremacy that is assured between the most speedy yachts (both schooners and sloops) in this country and probably in the entire world.

After leaving Newport the squadron have their squadron run to Vineyard Haven, where the yachtsmen stir up that sleepy old town of cottage city as no one but a merr yparty of yachtsmen could do. The old fishing village of New Bedfor dis another port into which the big fleet sail to the great joy of the fishermaidens and the usual quota of Summer girls.

When the cruise is over, and sails are spread for the home port, it is safe to say that not a single one of the jolly yachtsmen who have skaen off their dignity as they donned their yachting caps but heaves a sigh when he thinks of the dusty city, the grind of business and the hurry and bustle of Wall Street to which he is returning.

The cruise this year will rendezvous at Glen Cove to-morrow. A member of the board the flagship. On the same day a race will be sailed for cups offered by the Commodore, finishing off Huntington Bay.

Tuesday, August 4.—Huntington Bay to New London.

Wednesday, August 5.—New London to Newport.

Thursday, August 6.—The squadron will remain at anchor.

Friday, August 7.—Race off Newport for Goelet cups.

Saturday, August 8.—Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Sunday, August 9.—The squadron will remain at anchor.

Monday, August 10.—Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Tuesday, August 11.—Off Newport, special cups, to be announced later.

Should the squadron be prevented from making New London on Tuesday, August 4, it will anchor at Morris Cove for that night, in which case Newport will not be reached until Thursday.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the Owl and Game Cock colors, and a race for naphtha launches.

In addition to the above fleet all of the crack thirty-footers will be very much in evidence, as several valuable trophies have been given for competition among these flyers.

The races for the fifteenth series of the Goelet Cups will be sailed off Newport on August7, and these beautiful trophies, which are offered annually by Captain Ogden Goelet, are among the most valuable and artistic of the yachting year. The one for schooners is valued at $1,000, while that for sloops at $500.

Although none of the big single stickers that made the cruise last year of exceptional interest is entered, there will still be some stiff competitors between the rejuvenated Colonia and her competitor, while Amorita will be tried out against the new schooner Quissetta, which is built especially for the purpose of lowering the Brokaw colors. Dame Rumor says she is very fast.

The ocean-going tug E. L. Luckenbach will accompany the yachts as a utility boat, under command of Captain Neils Olsen, and will carry a merry party of club members and the representatives of the press, while the steamer Sam Sloan will carry a party of guests of the club, who will witness the contests for the Commodore's Cup and bid the Corinthian sailors god speed when they sail away from the rendezvous.

Regatta Committee said yesterday that never since the days of the Eliza Aim, which was the fastest sloop in the squadron during their first cruise to Newport, in the year of 1844, has there been more elaborate preparations for a magnificent holiday outing than for the cruise of the present year. The New York Yacht Club has always been known as an association which delights in hospitality, and its social side has done much toward making it the premier club of this country.

Among its members are poets and musicians, as well as statesmen and financiers, and it is an open secret that ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane, the suave and gentlemanly chairman of the Regatta Committee, will be approached during the cruise by a delegation of his club mates with a petition requesting him to sing his revised version of the "Song of the Cup," and there is small doubt but that after a few corks have been popped the dignified chairman will sing the old song while the music of the chorus will be bellowed by a score of lusty throated yachtsmen, whose voices otherwise are never heard above the well modulated conversational tone in the city.

The itinerary of the cruise this year is:

Monday, August 3.—The squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove, L. I., in the morning, leaving that day for Huntington Harbor. At 11 a. m. there will be a meeting of captains on

Cycle Notes.

The annual race meet of the Middlesex Athletic Club, of Spotswood, N. J., will take place August 29, at the Middlesex Driving Park, which possesses a half-mile track that is safe and fast. Entry blanks can be obtained of G. W. DeVoe, secretary, Spotswood, N. J.

The Liberty Wheelmen are arranging another five-mile club event, in which the first eighteen men of the recent race and F. D. White, G. B. Smith and D. T. Allen are barred. The "Lobsters," as the second team men are dubbed, will endeavor to make as good a showing as did the regulars. Irving Schwartz and W. J. Brady are likely to be on scratch.

August 15 is the date set for the second meet at the Olympia Bicycle Park, One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street and Lenox avenue, and the races will be under the management of the Committee on Athletics of the Harlem Wheelmen. The turn on which the riders experienced considerable trouble last Saturday has been banked, and the five-lap circle is now very safe and fast. The events at the next meet will be one-mile novice, half-mile scratch, one-mile handicap and two-mile handicap. Entries will close with Thomas A. Roe, No. 21 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, August 8.

A Run to Tottenville.

Staten Island is always an interesting spot for the cycler, and the picturesque island contains many runs. One of these is to Tottenville. After enjoying the pleasant sail across the bay one lands at St. George. The route starting from the ferry takes the rider up the hill to the left, following the trolley line into Bay street. Another turn to the left and the road leads to Tompkinsville, where at the foot of the hill comes a turn to the right, and, after going one block, a turn to the left brings the rider again into Bay street, when the trolley line leads to Stapleton. Passing to the right of the United States Marine Hospital comes a turn to the right into Vanderbilt avenue. Arriving at the top of the long hill, an excellent view of the interior of the island can be had. A turn to the left and the road merges into the old Richmond pike, which carries one through the outskirts of Concord.

The route now swings to the right as it meets the Fingerboard road, winds down a slight hill, bordered by country estates, and passes the tavern near Garretson's Station. The view at this point is very beautiful. The spin along the finest piece of macadam road on the island soon takes one to Grant City, then to New Dorp, passing the Moravian Cemetery, and turning to the left at the historic Black Horse tavern. The country now takes a more rural aspect. The road winds around at Bauer's Hotel, crosses the railroad, goes through shady lanes, and finally reaches Gifford's. Soon the Woods of Arden present a lovely picture, but the villages of Annandale and Huguenot are soon reached. Crossing the railroad tracks at the latter place, one turns to the left, passes Princess Bay, and rides to Pleasant Plains. The road winds about, and, entering the Richmond Valley, a break in the hills gives a view of Perth Amboy across the salt meadows of Mill Creek. A few miles more and Tottenville is reached, fifteen miles from St. George and twenty-five miles from Central Park.